

# Capital City Capers



The News Organ of the Capital City Squares  
P.O. Box 19986, Sacramento, CA 95819

MAY 1990

## Après Vancouver, Le Deluge!

Convention time is a great time for us old timers (3 years in square dancing, the 3rd convention for Michael and me). It is a time to see old friends and make new ones. Michael and I arrived in Vancouver on the Monday before Convention and left on the Monday following the closing ceremonies. Some random memories of Vancouver and Northstar Promenade:

- the one hour wait in the lines at Canadian customs, only to be welcomed graciously and passed on through without having to open one suitcase
- the beautiful skyline of Vancouver framed by the majestic mountains and ocean on the drive into the city
- the friendly people at the Monday Squares Across the Border class night. Wella (Bill), Carol, and Keith made us feel right at home, told us what to do with the 5 foot banner we had brought from Sacramento, and helped us set up the surprize for Stan and Bill
- the prices of liquor and cigarettes in Canada, ouch!
- the varied and interesting architecture of downtown Vancouver, from art deco to ultra modern, from old stone churches to the glass and girder inns of court
- the totem poles and Bill Reid's sculpture of "The Raven and the First Men" at the University of British Columbia Museum of Anthropology
- the beautiful Vancouver men!
- dancing on the bow of the ferrie boat to Victoria, to the delight of the passengers on the observation deck
- the leather tips — first, the sweaty tip in the too hot Mainstream room and then the rush downstairs to the cooler but hot in another way Plus room
- the Grand March on Saturday night
- the shorter than usual Executive Board Meeting
- Freeman at his portable computer Barry at his desktop computer
- dancing to Anne Uebelacher's calling with her husband, Joe, as my partner (girl's part)
- Preston and DeSisto sizzling again
- discovering Edlund, Brendzy, and Stevens
- the Honky Tonk Queen contest mc'ed by Tami and overseen by DeSisto, both in dresses!! Michael and I especially liked the polka-dot duo entry from Toronto
- the surge of emotion at the banquet when Judy announced that Stan and Bill of Prime 8's were celebrating their 40th anniversary together
- the many compliments we kept getting on our new club banner

April ended with our annual retreat at Fife's on the Russian River, but I'll leave the dirt for Dameon to spread in his Delights. We had to wait a year for this installment of Dameon's Delights, so they run a bit long, but we hope they are entertaining and thought provoking.

April was and exhausting if exhilarating month. I even got Michael's and my taxes done a week early.





(And will he never stop?!!)

Happy May Day — Belated! Am I the only one who ever hears that decorating a May Pole on May Day is actually a fertility rite? (And guess what the May Pole represents ...) I liked the idea when I heard it (I was a straight Mormon boy then) and now, uh, never mind.

Well, on to more pertinent (if not, for me, more interesting) topics. Regarding the last newsletter, not to toot my own horn [Toot toot!] er nothin' (yeah right), but I did notice that my column (OK page, we've already trashed my verbosity (oh, English Prof — 'zat a word? [Yes, but you give it a whole new meaning!]) so lay off — or on.) was the ONLY original stuff in it. [Define "Original"! Nuf said?! [Yes, for now!!!] (I must admit, however, that Bill's editing/compiling creates a newsletter that is just the way I like my men — very well put together — oops, I slipped.)

Welcome to the Board, DAVID LEVY! Elections were held in April and David is our newest board member. We are glad you're her David — if your work on our new Banner is any indication, you are most definitely a vibrant, organized (what's that?) asset to the Board. Again, Welcome! Now roll up your sleeves an' git bizy. Yer ever lovin' "Chief Executive / Odd Ball" was re-elected to the Board as well. (Nope, ya ain't got rid o' me yet!) Who does what within the Board

has yet to be determined precisely. With David's election to the Board (the really good news), we lost the nimble fingers, agile mind, and irreplaceable minute-taking of Cindy Sullivan (the really bad news). Cindy has really done an outstanding job of taking our sometimes rambling conversations (disguised as "Board Meetings") and put them into minutes that read like we got stuff done! No small feat at times. Beyond that, Cindy has given us mucho valuable advice, direction, and perception and perspective. Thanks, Cindy, for a job very well done!

VANCOUVER! Was that a Party!? Squares Across the Border did one heck of a fantastic job of getting everything together. It seems there was always something (or was it someone?) to do, from the wee hours of the morn until, well, the wee hours of the morn! Thanks, S.A.B. for a find time. We do salute you and your rousing success. From the time I arrived until I left, it was never dull. Why, even the weather mostly cooperated. It was great. Frankly, it's left me unable to express adequately how much fun we had. Simply Marvelous. (And I think I sweated off five pounds during the leather tips) Next? "I wanna go to Mi-a-a-a-mi!" Let's do it!

GUERNEVILLE! Frankly, after convention, I tho't it'd be a let down. It was not!! Once the dust settled and I took the advice of several folks and relaxed, I had a grand time. Harlan did an excellent job of finishing (unofficially) the Mainstream Class and even introducing a few Plus calls. It was full of fun and frolic. A few more even managed to earn a ducky badge (and maybe a life saving certificate!). It was a great time away from Sacramento.

Now what? Well, settling the Board for next year, the Graduation Hoe-

down on June 9th at William Land School, getting ready for the Freedom Festival, our New Member Hoedown, the Rainbow Festival — there's plenty to do. Not to mention Summer Pool Parties, WOW!

Well, I'm glad you're here — I'm really happy to be able to work with y'all; it's good.

Don't fergit ta wish yer maw a Happy Mother's Day!

See ya Dancin'

— George Fox

#### Staff

#### *Capital City Capers* The News Organ of the Capital City Squares

Editor, Bill McCrory

The views expressed in this Newsletter are not necessarily the views of the CCS board

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## May Board Minutes

April 25, 1990

The meeting was called to normal disorder at 7:14 and 25 seconds at Bill and Michael's home in exotic Citrus Heights. In attendance were George, Rick, Mary Jo, and Bill with guests Rich and Michael (popping in and out). And Angie, who was there only for the snacks.

The first item of business was the Treasurer's Report by Mary Jo. For a while Capital City Squares was living "on the float," but we are back in business with approximately \$2000 in the bank. We do owe money to Fife's and Harlan Kerr, but some club members still owe the club for dues and for shirts.

Next, we discussed the activities schedule and room assignments for the annual retreat to be held at Fife's in Guerneville on the 27th through the 29th of April.

It was announced that David Levy was our new Board member and that George had been re-elected. Sorry to say that Cindy will not be on the Board next year, but we hope to have the benefit of her advice and counsel when she comes to the meetings as a guest with Kris.

George announced that he thinks that the Board needs a person to handle all the contracts that the Club makes with callers, places to dance, shirt makers, etc. This person should also be involved in investigating the possible incorporation of Capital City Squares, a topic that was very hot at the Convention Executive Board Meeting in Vancouver. David, who was safely not at the meeting, was suggested for this position (among others, positions I mean).

The date of Wednesday, May 16, was decided upon for a Wednesday Fun

Dance Night to be called by Harlan Kerr. Admission will be \$2.

We then discussed whether to have a demonstration square and a booth at the Freedom Fair on June 16th and the Rainbow Festival on Labor Day weekend. We decided to put these events, the frequency of club dancing during the summer, and the possibility of demonstration squares at Western nights at Faces during the summer to the general membership. If we dance during the summer, we will need a place. Some people object to Joseph's Town and Country, so we need to find another place fast.

The Board then tentatively arranged for summer potluck pool parties at Rich and Rick's on the 21st of July, Bill and Michael's on August 18th, and Rory and Kenric's spread in Auburn sometime in September (perhaps for the new Basic class).

We then discussed briefly a possible coming crisis for the club. We may be

losing one or both of our callers for the Basic / Mainstream and Plus classes. Things are not certain yet, but we need to have some contingency plans for fall.

We ended with the enjoyable task of determining a reward for David Levy for designing and overseeing the creation of our new club banner.

The meeting was adjourned somewhere around 8:30 (I forgot to look at the clock.).

Respectfully and hesitatingly submitted

—Bill McCrory in the absence of  
Cindy Sullivan

## Upcoming Events

Pass the Ocean, Hon I Rehoboth, Delaware	May 18-20
Scoot Back to Toronto	June 8-10
Prelude to Summer—CCS Workshops & Hoedown	June 9
Gay Pride Hoedown San Francisco	June 23
Rocky Mountain Rainbeaus Fly-In Denver	July 20-22
Gay Games III Vancouver, BC Call 1-800-828-1109	August 4-11
Geoduck Three Way Seattle	August 17-19
Great Chicago Crossfire II	September 7-9
WSD Camp Cazadero Retreat	September 28-30
Cast A Shadow In The Sun IAGSDC Convention	June 13-16, 1991





## Dameon's Delights

Well, convention is over, we're back home, and I've got 25 loads of laundry to do! What a fantastic time, all those beautiful sweaty bodies to look at, can you believe it? Del isn't the only one who sweats! Some of those queens almost slipped through my fingers. I don't think the grand old hotel will ever be the same. I'm sure the employees will be talking for years, and I'm quite certain some of the mattresses will be replaced and some of the glory holes in the tea rooms plugged — did you see the ones on the 2nd floor? One of them must have been for Kas; it was so high I didn't have to stoop over to see through it.

Well, after planning to leave Saturday morning (April 7), Larry and I finally pulled out of Sacramento at 11:30 Sunday night — it took awhile to stuff all my trunks into the trailer. We arrived in Seattle at the Timberline Monday evening and saw that the festivities had already gotten underway. Some people don't waste any time — Kas had already drooled all over the cutest bartender I've ever seen. I wiped off the drool and it immediately reappeared. Maybe it wasn't drool? The next night we danced at a beautiful old church in Seattle. Nick was having a frolicking good time this night. He said to tell Kas, "I'll be back," and disappeared for two hours! Have a good time, Nick?

I will have to say that Seattle is not the place to take a camping trailer. There's no place in the downtown area to park! Larry drove around for an hour looking for a spot; it was "No Parking Within 30 Feet," "No Parking 7 AM to 4 PM" — on and on. Finally, we found a place that read "Buses Only 7 AM to 7 PM." The time was 6:45 pm, so I said, "Park this S.O.B. I need to take a shower!" In we pulled, and Larry said, "I'm going to say in the car for a few minutes in case a cop comes by." I got in the trailer and hopped into the shower. I no sooner got all soaped up when I heard Larry starting the car, and we took off like a bat out of hell (A bus had pulled up)! Well, I came flying out of the shower as we rounded a corner and proceeded to bounce around naked in the back of the trailer. Did you ever see the movie "The Long, Long Trailer" with Lucy and Dezi? Well, Lucy's got nothing on me; I finally just lay on the floor until the earthquake was over. No more showers in a bus zone!

On to the beautiful metropolis of Canada. Vancouver is a beautiful city; you could see our stately hotel's copper roof from miles away. We checked in about 2:30 Thursday. By that time the place was swarming with fairies. There wasn't a beg enough space to park the trailer at the hotel, so I had to empty it out. Two porters and two large carts got most of our things stuffed into an elevator — portable generator, microwave, coffee maker, and of course, "Billy," our bird (I left the three sheepdogs at home this year). Within 2 hours I was settled in and ready to dance!

The Tail-In Dance is always one of my favorites. You get to see all your old friends, kiss, fondle, neck, and whatever else. There's always so much energy that first night. People haven't yet worn themselves out from dancing or "room hopping" all night.

By 8 pm I was ready to go change and freshen my makeup, so I went up to the room and our darling roommate had arrived. Some of you have been calling him "Little Glenn," but I don't really think that's very nice. When someone says "little," most people would think you might be referencing a part of the anatomy, which after "rooming" with him for four days I can't call you a liar. But let's be kind — we will in the future call him "Glenda Sue."

Poor guy, there was no space left for his clothes. But I found a little spot in the corner of the room where he could dump them. He really didn't need much room; his suitcase kind of resembled a lunch bucket, with a few distasteful articles stuffed in it. Anyway, we got him settled in quickly.

We were lucky enough to have the room next to Kenric, Rory, and David. And as it turned out, George stayed there too. You see, somehow George got stood up, shall we say, and didn't have a place to stay, so we gave him two choices. He could sleep with David or Glenda Sue. He chose David, and he really made a wise choice, in my opinion. By the third night Glenda's bed was so "used" that George would have crawled in and slid across to the floor on the other side! More on that later. Anyhow, it was fun being able to run back and forth from room to room. Since we had a coffee maker, I played hostess in the mornings. We really should all chip in to buy Kenric and Rory some new pj's; their's kinda looked like the ones Art Carney wore on "The Honeymooners." David's were much more tasteful, but he's such a shy boy that he stayed under the covers most of the time. Maybe sleeping with George gave him a complex? Kenric is such a Suzi homemaker. He was constantly cleaning house, and Rory was constantly messing it up. Can you believe it? Rory actually shaved



twice in one week — I'm sure that's a first — and he wore black tennis shoes instead of white — we're so proud — My new purpose in life is to get at least one rhinestone on Rory — at sometime or another!

The workshops were a lot of fun. There were obviously a lot of dancers that hadn't finished *Mainstream*. All of "our" family danced like pros.

Every time I saw Joseph and Anthony, they had on a different set of matching outfits and never seemed to be worn out. I think they did more honeymooning than dancing.

Charla and Tammy spent a lot of time in the elevators. Seems like every time I saw them, they were going up or down. Cindy and Ellen must be into watersports. When they came down to dinner, Ellen was wringing the water out of her pigtails. Then when they walked through the doorway, Ellen poured a glass of wine down Cindy's back.

Michael and Bill did a lot of dancing; they were always wet too. Michael and I stayed at the lower levels, but Bill preferred the A1-A2 hall with the goody-two-shoes.

Didn't see too much of Dennis and Jeff. Guess they spent most of their time driving back and forth from whatever tacky place they were staying. Dean and Mel seemed to have a good time. Unfortunately, there were so many people that I had a horrible time trying to "catch" everybody doing whoever they were doing.

Some little guy from San Jose kept asking where Terryl was (must have been one you "impressed" on one of your trips to the bushes in S.F., hon — nice to be remembered)

Did anyone besides me notice there was a "little less" of Del? I think he's pining for his love from New York. Remember the one with the green hair, who shaved his head for the last

day? Yes, sisters, it's true. Fatal attraction has occurred. Everyone keep your hands off Del. This is a monogamous relationship to be reconsummated in Miami.

Rich and Rick kept losing each other — maybe on purpose — every time I saw Rick, he'd say, "Have you seen Rich anywhere?"

Larry had a good time dancing — I had a good time changing clothes. He thinks he danced a tip for every time I changed outfits — wait til he sees the crinolines I'm packing for Miami!

By the second night Larry and I were feeling the strain from lack of sleep — Glenda Sue's bed was busy all night and I finally managed to go to sleep, but Larry was awake to hear numerous climactic endings ineffectively muffled by pillows over the face. By the third night I had to increase my makeup to cover the dark circles caused from lack of sleep. It got a little embarrassing to continue to ask room service for fresh towels.

Listen to this small world true story — There were 800 dancers at convention and Larry and I met someone from Vancouver named Finn, who offered to take us to get our car and trailer, which was parked at someone's house miles away. So on Monday we met Finn in the lobby and he had a friend with him, "James." We all went out to brunch and went on a 3-hour tour of the city. I was walking with Finn, and Larry was walking with James. After we said our good-byes and started down the road, I said, "Those guys are really nice. Did James say anything about the other night?" Larry said, "What are you talking about. I just met James this morning." I said, "No, you didn't. You listened to his muffled moans through a pillow all night!"

And moving on — Larry and I took a

week driving home, so I really didn't plan on going to Fife's this year. I hadn't got my laundry done yet and felt I couldn't possibly go without the proper glitter. But, alas, at the last moment sister Joeline called and threatened to expose me for what I am (Be kind!) if I didn't show up. So Friday night I called a friend to come and watch my children, threw my safe sex kit in a small beaded clutch, and swished out the door. I don't know what came over me, heading out without my wardrobe together, but fate has a way of correcting the circumstance. As it happened, when I arrived, I had to run to Safeway for pantyhose. And on the way I saw a chic boutique with the sign "Sale" — well, girls, you know we can't pass up a sale, so I ran back to Fife's and found Joeline, and we darted breathlessly back up to the boutique. As luck was running our way, we explained to the proprietor that we were here for a square dance retreat, and we needed a simple but tasteful outfit for the evening. We were offered an additional discount if we would model as an advertisement for his boutique. So, as I hope you will remember, we did our best and probably doubled his sales over the weekend. Joeline had a problem finding pink pumps, but we were able to dye to match and I think you'll agree her outfit was quite stunning. We both would like to thank those of you who helped us complete our wardrobes. Tammy, your bra fit me perfectly; we must have the same cup size — Bev, thanks for Joeline's bra and my exquisite earrings, and last but not least, Cathy, for her stockings. Joel tried Cathy's bra, but there weren't enough beach towels to fill those HH cups!

God, there are so many stories to tell — where shall I begin?

It seems John was rushed out of the house so fast he forgot his shoes, so he too had to go shopping immedi-



ately and found a lovely pair of black flats to dance in. Did you see Fred's bolo? It was to die for. Rhinestones so lovely I nearly reached orgasm.

I was very relieved to see our luscious leader so relaxed and enjoying himself. You know he had been so tense and irritable getting ready for convention. Some good Samaritan must have laced his diaphragm with Preparation H. He had that relaxed look of peace and tranquility all weekend.

Tammy and Charla are girls after my own heart. They brought their dog, coffee maker, barbecue, and necessary toys to have a wonderful second honeymoon weekend.

Mary Jo borrowed a pair of shorts from me, but I never saw her wearing them. Since I'm a petite size 5, I think there was a little too much thunder in those thighs and she couldn't get them on!

Well, our little Chuckie Luckie did it again. The second year in a row if you recall. He managed to have two dates simultaneously. First, he made a date with "Harry Balls" and was supposed to meet him at "Rainbow." When Harry didn't show on time, he met someone else, whose name I didn't get, but we'll call him Dick Wilharden. So, while Chuckie was in the corner with Dick Wilharden, in walked Harry Balls, and he had a problem! Which one would be better, Dick Wilharden or Harry Balls? Well, you can ask Chuckie the answer to that one because he didn't show up at Fife's again until noon on Sunday.

Ten of us planned a dinner party Saturday night at a lovely German restaurant in town. At the last moment Chuck invited himself so there was a party of 11 at the table. We started out having a wonderful gay time. But Rory kept getting embarrassed by the conversation. First, he told us we couldn't use the "F" work. OK, I

agree it's distasteful at a dinner party. Then we couldn't use the "S" word. OK. Then we couldn't use the "C" word. Then we couldn't use the "P" word. Pretty soon the vocabulary was so limited that the table became quiet and there was nothing to say. Rory was happy and continued to eat the cabbage off everyone's plate.

Did everyone see Michael G. at the country western dances. That boy knows all the line dances, waltzes, and two-steps, and he's got such good rhythm. If you haven't danced with him, you should. It's like dancing with a fairy.

Well, it was sister Joeline's birthday Saturday, so I guess she deserved the best. In my opinion she got it. This dream boy from Phoenix was luscious and even left her a goodbye note at the bar with a phone number. I said, "Joeline," that's got to be the best catch you ever made." She said, "Oh, I don't think so, but I can't remember. There've been so many."

Fay and Robin were up early every morning collecting clippings of anything and everything growing wild along the river. I went on a nature hike with Fay and she could name very species of weed we saw. The woman is amazing. She even knew what the two men were we saw lying on the beach.

I don't think Harlan scored as well as he did last year, despite the fact he was calling with his fly open. Maybe that's why. Some advertising doesn't pay.

There is another shoe story. You know, I haven't totally "sized" up Stewart yet. From a distance he looks so butch. But the minute he moves or opens his mouth, there's no doubt. He must dance on his tiptoes — he lost the heel off his boot and didn't even know it until the next day.

I haven't figured out who goosed

whom first, but Larry and Kas spent a whole tip goosing each other and kept the whole square in total chaos. A couple of ladies may have black and blue boobs. I heard Dean got Bette good, and a couple of people go Cathy's (God, how could you not?).

We had some nice non-dancers show up. Gary cam with Fred. Two times in a row (good going, Fred!). Bev came with Mary Jo, Glenn brought Brian (who managed to get the tall sexy bartender in the green, well-filled out shorts), Kas brought the two hunks, and Bette brought a very pretty lady.

Karl and David kept a semi-low profile. They started to come to life at dinner, but Rory kept the bitch fights to a minimum.

Cindy and Kris were very subdued. They said they danced, but I didn't get to dance with either of them.

Jack must have been hitting the spirits again. His wedgies got caught on something, and he took a nose dive, came back with nine stitches in his hand, but being the butch number he is, continued to dance.

I'm sure I missed a lot, forgot a lot, and will remember a lot later, but I had better end this. I'm sure Bill is gonna be pissed that he has to add an extra page to the Capers.

—Dameon Walker





## Opinion Page

Sometimes our club members wish to express opinions and ideas about topics, events, and controversies of concern to them and to others. Here is a space for club members to have their concerns and opinions aired to the club as a whole in a spirit of free and lively exchange. It is hoped that this forum of club member opinion can be constructive and free of rancor. Your newsletter's editor invites all club members to contribute to this forum.

Capital City Squares has been fortunate in having a "caller" grace its rosters. Karl not only knows the material well but uses his teaching skills to get even the most difficult learners through the basics of square dancing.

Kris has had years of experience and has been an excellent teacher. I know that Kris would be the first to say she does not "call," but I think she does a great job at everything else — relative to square dancing (You'll have to talk to Cindy about any other subject!).

We all feel comfortable with these two, who have had years of experience behind them. They know the calls, and they put out the extra effort involved to show up at the weekly classes and the monthly board meetings and are involved in the many extraneous events which are sponsored by the club (as much as possible). They are both, also, great people ... after all, they put up with us!

Many of us take it for granted that they are totally devoted to the club, and we don't think about the many sacrifices that they make, relative to the club's functions.

My main impetus for this article is not because of their efforts, however, but due to their effect. We have taken for granted the experience of our two "callers," and we have forgotten one very important thing — nothing lasts forever!

We have another member of the club who is certainly as devoted but not as experienced or visible as our illustrious "pair." Robin has "sponsored" a twice-a-month dance night for the last two years and has "backed" up Karl and/or Kris whenever needed.

Although I don't know her background in square dancing, I know that she has danced for many years, is more than competent through the Plus level, and takes a lot of time and effort in coordinating the calls before she gets up on the "stage." She has even written and sung her own patterns to various songs.

My primary concern is that we have shown absolutely no support in promoting the interests of the very few "Robins" in our club ... either in having them work with the "callers" or providing funding for caller labs or classes. I think this should be topic for future board meetings and should be addressed BEFORE we lose one of our "pair" to other endeavors (be it job or other -interest related!).

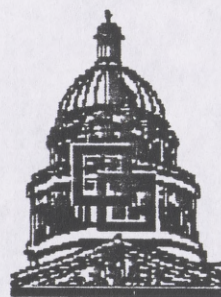
My secondary concern is that we, as a club, are not showing Robin our support for her endeavors. I cite the April 24th dance night, when Robin was called at the last minute to cover for Karl (who had another commitment). She showed up and did her best to keep the class going. Unfortunately, there were a couple of dancers who felt that they were above dancing to a caller who might make a mistake. Obviously, they also feel that THEY don't make mistakes (Guess again!).

One of these days, when our callers decide to go on to other things, we might find that there are no others who want to call for US! Let's work on supporting all THREE of our current callers, who have done so much for us. Then let's plan ahead to help train and propagate new callers, from and for our club.

Remember ... there are clubs that use only records to learn and dance to.

We could very well become one of those clubs!

—Rich Beddow



As the class year winds down, we can look forward to a fun-filled summer of hoedowns, pool parties, street fairs, etc.

Dameon's Delights covered all the happenings at Convention (except the Leather Tip and the Honky Tonk Queen contest, both of which quite fun in their own way) and Fife's (do we now have our own Sacramento Honky Tonk Queen contestants?). To Rich's article regarding Karl, Kris, and especially Robin, I add a hearty second.

But it is also time to THANK GEORGE for all his efforts this past year. His energy, enthusiasm, and devotion to our club have been instrumental in making this one of our most successful years. I ask each of you to join me in acknowledging just how much his contributions have enriched our club.

THANK YOU, GEORGE!!!

—Michael Foft



## Weds Fun Night

The Wednesday Fun Dance Night on May 16th will feature Harlan Kerr. Time is 7-9 and the place is the William Land School. There will be a \$2 charge.

## Gay Pride Hoedown

There is going to be a Gay Pride Hoedown on June 23rd (Gay Pride Eve) at the St. Paulus Church at Gough and Eddy in San Francisco. The Hoedown will start at 7:30 and end at 10:30 pm. Caller Paul Waters will call Mainstream and Plus level tips. For more information and housing arrangements, please call James Ozanich at (415) 647-3219. Let's show the bay area what we learned in Vancouver and Guerneville.



## Graduation Workshops and Hoedown "Prelude to Summer"

"Prelude to Summer," Capital City Squares' annual graduation Hoedown will be held at the William Land School at 12th and V Streets in Sacramento on Saturday, June 9th. Mainstream and Plus intensive review workshops are planned for the afternoon and the Hoedown itself will take place from 7 to 10 pm. The charge will be \$3 for each workshop, \$5 for the Hoedown, or \$10 for all day. Caller to be announced.

### May Birthdays

Margaret Coelho	May 1
Chuck Kittinger	May 5
Gene Lewis	May 11
Dick Jaco	May 12
Rodney Palmer	May 13
Nick Smiley	May 18
Michael Gill	May 21
Angie Foff-McCrory (14 Years!)	May 21

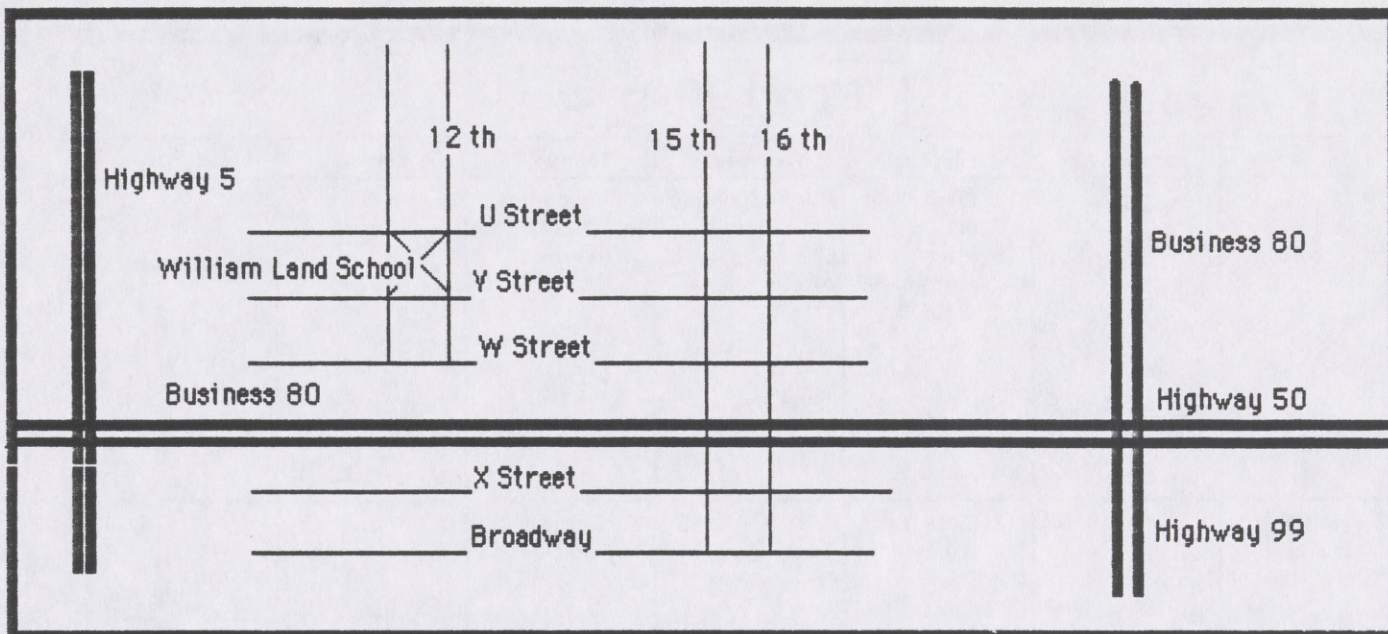


# May 1990

Sunday	Monday	Tuesday	Wednesday	Thursday	Friday	Saturday
		FCD Class Night 7:00■9:00 Live Oak School CCS Class night 7:00■10:00 Wm Land School	ECR 7:30■9:30 St. Andrews Church Palo Alto	FCD Club Night 7:00■9:00 The Corral SF		
		1	2	3	4	5
MS Live Oak School SF FCD Club Night 7:00■9:00 The Corral SF	WSD 7:30■9:30 EVRC SF Prime 8's 7:00■9:00 Wm Land School	FCD Class Night 7:00■9:00 Live Oak School CCS Class night 7:00■10:00 Wm Land School	ECR 7:30■9:30 St. Andrews Church Palo Alto	FCD Club Night 7:00■9:00 The Corral SF		
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MS Live Oak School SF FCD Club Night 7:00■9:00 The Corral SF	WSD 7:30■9:30 EVRC SF Prime 8's 7:00■9:00 Wm Land School	FCD Class Night 7:00■9:00 Live Oak School CCS Class night 7:00■10:00 Wm Land School	CCS Wednesday Fun Dance Night Harlan Kerr Calling Wm Land School 7■9 \$2  ECR 7:30■9:30 St. Andrews Church Palo Alto	FCD Club Night 7:00■9:00 The Corral SF	Pass The Ocean, Hon! Chesapeake Squares Maryland	Pass The Ocean, Hon! Chesapeake Squares Maryland
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
MS Live Oak School SF FCD Club Night 7:00■9:00 The Corral SF Pass The Ocean, Hon! Chesapeake Squares Maryland	WSD 7:30■9:30 EVRC SF Prime 8's 7:00■9:00 Wm Land School  Angle's Birthday	FCD Class Night 7:00■9:00 Live Oak School CCS Class night 7:00■10:00 Wm Land School	ECR 7:30■9:30 St. Andrews Church Palo Alto	FCD Club Night 7:00■9:00 The Corral SF		
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
MS Live Oak School SF FCD Club Night 7:00■9:00 The Corral SF	WSD 7:30■9:30 EVRC SF Prime 8's 7:00■9:00 Wm Land School	FCD Class Night 7:00■9:00 Live Oak School CCS Class night 7:00■10:00 Wm Land School	ECR 7:30■9:30 St. Andrews Church Palo Alto	FCD Club Night 7:00■9:00 The Corral SF		
27	28	29	30	31		

Camino Reelers) FCD (Foggy City Dancers) MS (Midnight Squares) WSD (Western Star Dancers) EVRC Eureka Valley Recreatic





**Capital City Squares**  
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